Spring Breaking

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Spring Breaking

by sourweather

Summary

Adam agrees to spend Spring break with Beth and her family at their lake house. Things take an unexpected turn, though, when Adam finds out that Beth's stepfather is the hottest man he's ever seen in his life.

Notes

lol my insane lust for nigel really jumped out with this one. what can i say

“Don’t be nervous.”

Adam blinked, pulling his attention away from the view beyond the windshield. Beth was frowning at him, one hand still wrapped around the steering wheel even though her car was in park. She’d been annoyed when Adam asked her to drive, even though she knew where they were going and he didn’t. And even though driving made him anxious, whereas Beth never seemed to mind driving herself to work or the store. It was only a problem for her, apparently, when Adam didn’t want to do it. He’d been trying to enjoy the long drive, regardless. To make conversation, or listen to music. Her bitterness refused to dissipate, though, and quickly filled the entire car.

Not the most promising start for their Spring break.

“I’m not nervous,” he lied, and Beth gave him a look.

She gestured to his hands. “You’ve been rubbing your thighs like that for the past half-hour. I’m surprised you haven’t started a fire.”

Adam frowned, his gaze sinking to his lap. He hadn’t noticed that he’d been stimming, but he was. His palms dragged anxiously along the denim of his jeans, from his knees to his pockets and back again. Stopping felt wrong, an interruption of momentum, but he forced himself to go still. “I’d need to generate a lot more friction than this to start a fire,” he argued, but Beth only sighed.

“My point is that everything’s going to be fine, okay? You don’t have anything to worry about.”

His answering nod couldn’t have possibly been convincing. He looked back at the windshield, out at the lake house that would be his home for the next five days. It was large, built from warm orange wood and surrounded by trees in all directions. Adam tried to look at the bright side, observing the large porch affixed to the building’s side. They would be far from any light pollution here, if nothing else. Maybe he could do some star gazing while he was here.

“I’ve already told you, my mom is a saint. And she’s fallen in love with every boy I’ve ever brought home, she’ll adore you.”

Adam furrowed his brows. “How many boys have you brought home?”

Beth shot a glare his way, wordlessly warning him to drop his line of questioning. Adam obeyed.

Things have been… tense, between Beth and himself lately. When they first met in their Anthropology class, they got along better than Adam ever had with a woman before. He developed a crush on her almost immediately, and when she visited his dorm one night for a ‘study date,’ he’d kissed her on his sofa.

But once the two of them started dating exclusively, Beth began to change. She wasn't satisfied with Adam anymore, she didn't seem to like him for who he really was. Instead, she'd become hellbent on changing him into a version of himself that suited her lifestyle better, disciplining him like a child until he pretended to be sufficiently 'normal' for her.

Maybe it was just a phase, though. Maybe Beth was just nervous about what her peers, her family, would think of him. Maybe, he thought, though not very optimistically, Beth would go back to the way she was when they were just friends if this week with her mother went well.

...Not *just* her mother.

"What about your stepdad?" Adam asked, tugging a little at the cuff of his hoodie.

Beth seemed to turn even angrier at this question, but Adam didn't think it was directed at him this time.

"He's *not* my stepdad," Beth insisted. She glowered at a mosquito that perched itself on the windshield, one of those big ones with the long spindly legs that have always given Adam the creeps. Adam watched it with her. It took a few moments for him to gather enough courage to speak again.

"He's married to your mother, Beth. Technically, that does make him—"

"I don't care!" she snapped. When Adam flinched at her outburst, she sighed sharply and pressed her palm to her forehead. "He's— I'm pretty sure Mom just married him for his money, anyway. It's not going to last."

She looked to Adam, then, and smiled. Adam tried to let himself relax a little. Everything went so much smoother when Beth was in a good mood. She reached across the car, took his hand in hers, squeezed it.

"It doesn't matter to me if he approves," she assured him. "You're my boyfriend, Adam, whether other people like it or not."

And Adam opened his mouth to point out that it clearly *did* matter to her what other people thought of him, especially her mother, but he decided against it. This day had been difficult enough, there wasn't any point in upsetting her further. Beth squeezed his hand for a second time, nodded once.

"You ready?"

He wasn't. He'd spent the entire morning wishing that he'd just said no to Beth's invitation, and went home to spend Spring break with his brothers instead. But it was too late to turn back now, and he knew it.

"Ready."

Their car doors closing behind them must have alerted Beth's mother of their arrival, because they'd barely made it out of the vehicle when she came running to greet them. She

immediately wrapped Beth in a tight, squealing hug, kissing her daughter's cheek and telling her how happy she was to see her. Once she'd had her fill, the woman turned her sights on Adam.

He wheezed when she hugged him as well, pulling away a moment later to inspect him. She started babbling to Beth, fawning over how handsome Adam was, like he was a new puppy her daughter had brought home. Adam didn't thank her, didn't reply. He wasn't listening.

Behind Beth's mother, leaning in the open doorway of the lake house, was the most attractive man that Adam had ever seen in his entire young life. He was tall, with broad shoulders and tan skin. The muscles in his arms bulged, stretching the short sleeves of the black button-down he wore.

There was a cigarette hanging between his long fingers. Adam watched, unblinking, as the man brought it to his lips. Something deep in his stomach squirmed at the sight of him taking a long, slow drag. When Adam dared to glance at the man's face, he was staring back. His deep-set eyes narrowed a little, the skin around them crinkling with amusement. Adam swallowed. Hard.

The man approached Adam, walking with long, confident strides. Adam quickly looked away, tried to disguise the fact that he'd been looking. Heat crept up his neck, and he placed a palm over his nape as if to hide it from view. The man smirked around his cigarette, plucked it from his mouth and offered Adam his empty hand.

Adam reached out to take it, only to be startled by the voice of Beth at his side. He flushed deeper. A part of him had forgotten she was even there.

"Adam, this is my *mother's husband,* Nigel," she nearly spat, and Nigel looked her way.

"Hey Lizzy," he replied, and winked at her. Adam glanced at Beth just in time to see her eye twitch at the nickname.

Adam felt like a bucket of cold water had just been poured down his back. The heat on his skin shifted from arousal to humiliation in an instant, his thrumming heart sinking to his stomach. Of course, this was Beth's stepfather. His *girlfriend's* stepfather. Who else would it be? He should be ashamed of himself, gawking at the man like that.

Beth's voice was incredibly tight when she proceeded. "Nigel, this is my boyfriend, Adam."

And just like that, Nigel's eyes were on him again. "It's a pleasure," he said, and Adam's knees wobbled a little. That *voice.* Deep and dark, tinged with an accent that Adam didn't recognize but his cock definitely responded to.

Nigel's hand was still floating there, suspended on the air just waiting for him. Forcing a weak smile, Adam took it. Nigel's skin was warm against his own, his palm rough and weathered with age and use.

"I-It's nice to meet you," Adam stammered, hoping beyond hope that his hand wasn't as sweaty as it felt. Nigel just smiled, showing rows of jagged, fang-like teeth. Adam had never

really paid attention to another person's teeth before, but these ones made his mouth water. He pulled away, shaking his head a little like it might dispel the feeling quickly rising in his gut.

"Well, come in!" Beth's mother urged, tipping her head in the direction of the door. If she or Beth noticed that anything was amiss where Adam was concerned, he couldn't see it on their faces. "You must be exhausted after that drive, let me pour you two a cup of coffee."

Adam's nose wrinkled. "I don't drink coffee."

Beth looked to him, disapproving, then back to her mother. "We'll have some. Just let us unload the car first—"

Nigel cut her off, then, waving her in the direction of the door with the hand still wielding his cigarette. "No, you ladies go make yourselves comfortable. Adam and I can handle the bags." He sized Adam up, cocking a fine brow. "Can't we?"

Some kind of alarm went of in Adam's head at that. A warning, a pinging red light on the dashboard of his mind. *'Danger,'* it said. *'Turn back now.'*

Adam didn't even choose to nod, not really. His head moved on its own. "Sure," he said airily, flashing another weak smile.

Beth gave him a strange look. Adam imagined that she didn't believe him, that she didn't want to leave him alone with Nigel. But after a second, she shrugged her shoulders. "If you're sure," she muttered, and followed her mother inside.

Adam kept his eyes on the car as he moved to unload it. "It's not that much stuff, really. Just my laptop and our suitcases. I wanted to bring my telescope, but Beth told me to leave it at home because she thought that I would spend all of my time with it instead of socializing…"

He trailed off. Nigel hefted both bags, one in each hand, and left Adam there nervously clutching at his laptop bag. Helpless, his eyes trained on Nigel's arms once more. He had tattoos on his fingers, Adam noted. Little fragments of text that he couldn't quite make out from this distance. His gaze flitted upward, finding the other tattoo he'd noticed on the man's neck. The inky shape of the pinup girl lead him up to Nigel's jawline, his chin, his mouth, curled into a cocky smirk.

"Like what you see, doll?"

Adam blinked, quickly looking away again. "What?"

Nigel chuckled. The sound made Adam's stomach twist. "You were staring," he explained.

Another rush of warmth to Adam's cheeks. "Oh. Um, sorry." What else could he say?

Nigel shook his head. Adam watched how his dirty blonde and silver hair shifted with the motion. "No, don't be. I ought to be flattered, don't you think? Pretty little thing like you, taking a second look at an old man like me?"

Something inside of Adam's chest lurched when Nigel called him 'pretty'. He opened his mouth, but for a moment nothing would come out. Eventually, he blurted "You don't look that old to me."

Slowly, Nigel licked his lips. Adam watched the tip of the man's tongue run over his surprisingly soft-looking lips, a powerful jolt of arousal running through him again. He admonished himself internally, scolding his mind for even *noticing* something like that about his girlfriend's stepfather. All of this was wildly inappropriate, especially because despite being almost painfully attractive, Nigel was certainly old enough to be Adam's own father.

And yet, when Nigel smirked and said "Thanks, darling," in that sinful voice of his, all Adam could think about was how good Nigel must sound when he's moaning in pleasure.

Nigel turned away from the car, then, hauling the bags into the house. Adam trailed after him, trying hard to even out his breaths and will the flush from his face before Beth saw him.

This was going to be a long, long vacation.

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Adam couldn't sleep.

The past three days have almost been like an endurance test for Adam. He hasn't been able to relax since he arrived, keyed up for a variety of reasons until he was nearly going mad.

It seemed that both mother and daughter had similar goals in mind for this trip. While Beth was determined to have Adam make a good impression on her mother, the former Mrs. Buchwald was hellbent on getting Beth to warm up to Nigel. These things combined meant that Adam was with Nigel near constantly, forced to be in his presence for every single activity.

He tried his best to ignore it, at first. The way the older man's eyes seemed to burn through his skin whenever they were in a room together. How he always managed to subtly arrange the room so that he and Adam were standing near one another. He wasn't really sure how Beth and her mother hadn't noticed it, especially since Adam wasn't usually the type of person to pick up on that kind of thing. It made him wonder if it might just be in his head, his own anxiety surrounding Nigel making him look for things that weren't really there.

But then it turned more overt. Nigel leaned over Adam's shoulder, before dinner, to fetch a glass from the cabinet. His body pressed to Adam's back for a moment, and Adam could swear that he lingered for a second more than was necessary. The four of them went out to the lake, on the second day of their trip, and Adam caught the man staring at him in his swim trunks at least a dozen times. Nigel haunted the communal spaces of the lake house until Adam went to bed, every night. Like he was waiting for the two of them to be alone. Adam skittered back to his and Beth's bedroom whenever it happened, terrified of what Nigel might do or say with no one there to see it. Terrified of what he might *let* Nigel do.

Adam rolled in their bed for what must've been the tenth time, breathing out an agitated sigh. He'd never been so pent up in his life, never needed so badly to escape the tension that

followed him everywhere he went. He'd tried, last night, to relieve it. Curled up to Beth, laid kisses over her shoulder blades, let one hand drift tentatively to her breast. She'd pushed him away.

"I'm not sixteen, Adam, I'm not gonna have sex with you when my mother is literally right across the hall."

He'd been tempted, in the moment, to beg her. To say please, to tell her that he needed it. Now he was grateful that he'd let it go. After all, what would he have said? If she questioned him, asked why it was that he was so desperate to be touched? How could he explain himself?

Nigel only smoked cigarettes outside. Something about the rental agreement for the lake house. But Adam could tell that he was used to smoking much more frequently. When he was inside, he coped by chewing gum. It was Big Red, the cheap stuff that smelled strongly of sugary artificial cinnamon. Adam had never been a fan of chewing gum, regardless of the flavor, but now the scent of it made him feel like he was losing his mind. It made him think of Nigel, and his mouth, and his tongue, and how it definitely tasted of cinnamon and smoke.

Adam flopped onto his stomach, groaned into the pillow. God, he needed this trip to be over. Then again, would that even solve the problem? He'd been hoping that this week would fix his relationship with Beth. Well, what if it does? He'll have to see Nigel all the time, then. Holidays, summer trips, spontaneous visits— it'll be unbearable.

Despite the mountain of exhaustion brought about by three sleepless nights, Adam forced himself to sit up. His throat was dry, and there was a throbbing ache in his temple that wouldn't go away. Not to mention that it was sweltering in the lake house, but Beth refused to turn on the fan while she slept. He stood, stretching out his tense spine before making for the kitchen. This would help. Just a tall, cool glass of iced water, and then he'd be able to finally fall asleep.

He padded down the hall, the hems of his pajama pants whispering over the hardwood, and froze in the kitchen's threshold.

"Couldn't sleep, doll?"

There, leaning back against the kitchen counter, was Nigel. He had a beer in his hand, his hair fell soft over his face. Worst of all, Nigel apparently went to bed without a shirt on. Adam's eyes flickered over his form in the darkness, observing the swell of his pecs, the hair that trailed down his stomach, the long puckered scar along his left side. He'd been shirtless at the lake, too, tanned skin looking terribly tempting in the afternoon sunlight. Adam had jumped straight into the freezing cold water, just to hide his erection at the sight of him.

Adam forced his mouth to work, looking anywhere other than the dangerously low waistband of Nigel's grey sweatpants. "Just needed something to drink," he croaked.

Nigel nodded, gesturing toward the fridge. "You want a beer?"

He shook his head, wincing a little. "Uh, no, thank you."

“Don’t tell me you don’t drink,” Nigel said with another low chuckle.

Adam blushed, crossing his arms defensively. “I-I’m only twenty,” he replied. Calling attention to the fact should turn him off, he thought. Instead it only made the heat in Adam’s stomach burn hotter. “I’m not old enough to drink alcohol, yet.”

Nigel looked him up and down again. Adam hated how it made him feel, warm and sensitive and needy for more. No one’s ever looked at him like this.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.”

God, he always knew exactly what to say to make Adam’s breath hitch. Nigel must have noticed, because the corner of his mouth twitched into a smirk. He beckoned Adam with a hand, and Adam couldn’t help but obey.

Adam crept closer, closer, until Nigel was near enough to touch. His eyes flitted to the bottle in Nigel’s hand. “What if I don’t like it? I don’t want to be wasteful.”

“So sweet,” Nigel cooed, and the next moment he was holding the lip of his own bottle in front of Adam’s mouth. “Have a sip of mine, then, gorgeous. See what you think.”

‘No,’ a voice in Adam’s head whispered once again. *‘You should definitely say no.’*

“...Okay. I guess one drink couldn’t be so bad.” Adam reached up, took the bottle from Nigel’s hand. Their fingers brushed, and Adam nearly flinched away at the feeling of Nigel’s skin against his own.

He moved to stand at Nigel’s side, leaning against the kitchen counter and swirling the dark liquid a little before bringing it to his lips. He grimaced at the taste, quickly setting the bottle down, but he made himself swallow it anyway. Nigel laughed again, giving Adam another glimpse of his sharp teeth.

Adam huffed in embarrassment. Nigel’s laughter rang in his ears, made him feel childish and hot all over. He lifted a hand to wipe the beer from his mouth, but Nigel caught his wrist. Not tight enough to hurt, but more than enough to make every thought in Adam’s head screech to a halt.

Before Adam could so much as question him, Nigel’s mouth was on his own. His muscles went board stiff, paralyzed in place while Nigel kissed him. Nigel sighed against his mouth, gently kissing the alcohol from his lips.

Adam remembered how to move a few seconds later, and quickly turned his head away. The kiss couldn’t have been more than a handful of moments, but Adam panted like he hadn’t breathed in hours. The air tasted like beer, like the smoke that’s always clinging to Nigel’s clothes, like cinnamon gum.

“Tastes better on you,” Nigel breathed into Adam’s ear, and Adam shivered from head to toe.

“I-I should go back to bed,” Adam stammered, blinking hard and trying to make himself think. He couldn’t focus, though. His mouth tingled where Nigel’s lips had been, his pulse

pounded against Nigel's fingers where they cradled his wrist.

Nigel crowded him further, giving him no room to breathe. "Why?" he rasped, and nipped Adam's earlobe. His mouth smeared over Adam's overheated skin, dragging loose kisses along his jawline as he spoke. "I've seen how you look at me, you're not fucking subtle."

He caught Adam in another kiss, and Adam didn't return it but he didn't turn away either. It was like Nigel was trying to hide him away from the world, like this. Looming over him, his head stooped to reach Adam's lips despite their difference in size. Adam felt covered, surrounded by Nigel and nothing else. It was pointless to deny that it felt nice, even if it was wrong.

When Nigel pulled back, it was only enough to breathe words into Adam's parted lips.

"I want you, Adam."

Adam felt something inside himself melt. He puffed out a wounded little sigh, and when Nigel kissed him this time, Adam kissed him back. Their mouths slotted together, warm and wet and better than any kiss he'd had before. Nigel groaned against his lips, and Adam dared to slip his tongue into the older man's mouth. Nigel took advantage of the opportunity, wrapped his lips around Adam's tongue and suckled on it. A hot shiver shot down Adam's body, he couldn't stop himself from letting out a soft moan. The sound must have spurred Nigel on, he kissed Adam harder, almost painfully. Nigel's hands found his hips, he pressed Adam tight against the counter.

By the time Nigel moved away to lay kisses down his neck, Adam was fighting for breath and completely delirious. His heart hammered at his rib cage, blood thundering through his veins as Nigel ran his hot tongue over Adam's pulse. Adam gripped the edge of the counter top so tightly that it hurt, eyes falling shut as he tipped his head to the side to bare his throat to Nigel.

"W-What—" Adam tried to swallow, to force some blood out of his cock and back into his skull. His words slurred together, clumsy over his swollen lips. "What about your wife?"

"What about her?" Nigel asked, and gave Adam's throat a playful bite that made Adam choke back a whimper. His hands trailed upward, fingers slipping beneath Adam's T-shirt and dragging along the slopes of his waist. Adam gasped, shuddered. Something about the gentle treatment from such rough, strong hands had Adam's skin bursting all over in pleasant little sparks.

Nigel made his way to Adam's chest, catching him in another deep, hot kiss. He groped at Adam's flesh like he was a woman, rolled his nipples between the pads of his fingers. Adam moaned into his mouth, hips twitching forward automatically. His cock nudged Nigel's thigh, and Adam was instantly hungry for more.

Prying his hand from the counter, Adam shoved weakly at Nigel's shoulder. To his surprise, Nigel took the instruction without a moment's hesitation, leaning back but not stepping away. For a third time, Adam tried to clutch at his own morality. Breathy, wavering, he sighed "This is… wrong. I'm with Beth."

Nigel laughed, his breath hot against Adam's cheek. "I'm not holding a gun to your head, dolly," he teased, and it was true. He might have been caging Adam in, but Adam hadn't so much as asked him to let him go. For all of his size and power, Adam didn't doubt that Nigel would've relented, if he asked him to. At any point during the week.

So why hadn't he? Because he was too intimidated, scared to anger Beth's stepfather? No. Adam knew, deep down, that he hadn't said anything because he liked how it felt when Nigel flirted with him, touched him, stared a little too long. Because he wanted more. Because he wanted *this*.

His hand fell, sliding from Nigel's shoulder and down to his chest. Adam bit his lip. Nigel's skin was hot under his hands, thick chest hair gliding between Adam's fingers. He felt the hum of Nigel's voice against his fingertips when the older man spoke, low and shockingly soft.

"If you don't want to do this, then it's not gonna happen. Simple as that. So you tell me—what do you want?"

Adam looked up, then, from Nigel's chest to his face. He peered at the man through the darkness, meeting his eyes for a single moment. Nigel's heart beat beneath his hand, heavy but sure. A total contrast from Adam's own wild pulse. When was the last time he felt like this?

He carded his other hand into Nigel's hair, urging him downward by his nape until he was within reach. As soon as he was able, Adam crushed his mouth against Nigel's, earning him a pleased groan from the older man. Nigel took the kiss as permission and resumed his exploration of Adam's body, hands running down his smooth chest and over his stomach.

Adam sucked in a wet gasp when Nigel palmed at his cock, clutching at the older man and pressing closer. Nigel smirked, rubbing at the bulge in Adam's pajama pants just to watch him blush.

"Sensitive, aren't we?" he teased, and Adam hid his face against Nigel's neck.

He huffed, muffling his moan into Nigel's skin when the older man shoved a hand into his pants and freed his cock. "It just… mm, feels so good when you touch me."

Something like a growl rose in Nigel at that, and he stroked Adam's cock. "You're bigger than I thought you'd be," he noted, squeezing him for emphasis. And suddenly, Nigel was dropping to his knees.

"Don't know if I'll be able to take it all, to be honest," he said with a rough laugh, and took Adam's cock by the base, guiding it toward his soft, perfect mouth. "But I'll give it my best shot."

Adam had to bite his knuckles to keep from coming the moment Nigel lapped at the head of his cock. The sight was like something out of a wet dream, made his cock throb and his hips twitch. Nigel grinned to himself for a moment, and then his lips were wrapped around Adam.

“O-Oh *God,”* Adam sighed, head lolling backward as Nigel bobbed his head, taking in a little more of his cock on every stroke. Adam’s toes curled against the linoleum floor, his hands falling to brace himself on the counter. Nigel’s mouth was so slick, his tongue constantly moving along the underside as he worked Adam over. His hand stroked what length he didn’t take into his mouth, drowning Adam in the dual sensations. Adam’s legs trembled, threatening to buckle under the pleasure.

He keened when Nigel pulled back, still stroking Adam’s cock as he spoke.

“Has anybody ever done this for you before?”

Adam shook his head, eyes snapping shut when Nigel started laying messy kisses all over his cock. “No,” he said. Nigel sucked one of his balls into his mouth, and Adam whimpered. “Beth always s-says it’s gross.” Saying her name sent a stab of guilt to Adam’s stomach, but it couldn’t compare to how Nigel was making him feel.

Nigel hummed dismissively, and Adam shivered. *“Nothing* about you is gross,” he replied, and punctuated his claim by running his tongue from the base of Adam’s cock to the tip.

“Nigel…”

“Turn around for me, angel.”

Adam blushed. He might not have been particularly experienced in the realm of sex— especially not with another man— but he wasn’t stupid. He knew exactly what Nigel wanted to see.

He had to take a deep breath first, brace himself for what was about to happen. Once he was as ready as he’d ever be, Adam turned, slowly, and leaned over the kitchen counter.

He couldn’t help but choke on his next breath when Nigel yanked his pajama pants and underwear down around his ankles. Nigel took his time caressing Adam’s thighs, gradually making his way up to his ass. Adam’s cock twitched between his legs when Nigel finally squeezed a handful of his ass cheek, kneading and groping at him appreciatively. After a few moments, Nigel leaned close and bit him. Adam yelped, immediately covering his mouth with one palm, but he didn’t complain. It made Adam feel sexy, somehow. Desirable. *Wanted.*

“If you’ve never had your cock sucked, then I’m guessing nobody’s touched you here either?” Nigel asked, and Adam gasped when the older man spread his cheeks and growled in approval.

Adam opened his mouth to reply, but all that left was a high, shocked *“Ohh!”* Nigel’s tongue lapped at his hole, a feeling that was at once utterly foreign and completely addictive. He tried to think, to string a sentence together. It was hard when Nigel’s stubble was scratching at his ass, plush lips kissing his rim and strong hands holding him open for the taking. “Uh, n-no. I mean, I-I’ve— *aah*— I put a finger inside, once, but it didn't—“ The tip of Nigel’s tongue slipped inside, and Adam melted. He buried his face between his folded arms atop the

counter, forcing his spine into a more severe angle that made Nigel groan against his hole. "...It definitely didn't feel like *this."*

Nigel pulled back just enough to speak, hot breath hitting Adam's wet rim. "And how's it feel?" he asked, and licked him again.

"Good," Adam sighed, lashes fluttering. "It's… really good, Nigel."

Nigel hummed his thanks, then sealed his lips around Adam's hole and sucked. Adam's legs shook, his cock drooled precome onto the floor.

It didn't take long for Adam to become a puddle under the older man's tongue. The difference in their experience levels couldn't be more obvious, Nigel was clearly very skilled with his mouth. Adam muffled his endless needy moans into his arms; he'd never known that sex even *could* feel this good.

With Beth, Adam was always nervous. Not the pleasant kind of nerves, either. He worried that he was doing something wrong, that Beth wasn't enjoying it, that he wasn't pleasing her like he should. But with Nigel, Adam just let him take control. He could relax, and take whatever Nigel wanted to give without any fears of being inadequate. How could he be worried about Nigel's satisfaction, after all, when the man ate Adam out like he was starving?

By the time Nigel stopped, Adam was a mess. His sweat bled through the fabric of his T-shirt, his mouth was dry from gasping for breath. His cock was so hard it was painful, needy and neglected. Adam heard fabric shifting, the sound of something wet. Nigel's voice was rougher than usual when he spoke, standing just behind Adam.

"Fuck, baby, come here."

Nigel took him by the hip, his grip tight enough to leave a bruise. With his other hand, he guided the spit-slick head of his cock to Adam's hole. Adam mewled, pressing as close as he could in this position. Nigel was big, he'd been able to tell that by the bulge in the older man's sweatpants. It didn't matter, though. Adam didn't care if it hurt, he wanted Nigel inside of him.

"Please," he whispered, and Nigel rubbed the head of his cock over Adam's hole almost teasingly.

"That's it," Nigel purred, and ground his hips against him. "Relax, yeah? I'm gonna make you feel so fucking good."

Adam wasn't sure if he'd be able to relax, with how desperate he felt, but he took a deep breath anyway. Nigel squeezed his hip, muttered a low 'Good boy,' to him, and then he was pressing in.

His nails dug into his own arms, a pained whimper sounding in his throat. Nigel shushed him, rocking his hips back and forth in tiny thrusts.

“Easy,” Nigel breathed, running a hand up Adam’s sweat-damp back. “Try to loosen up, angel. Shit, you’re so fucking *tight.”*

One hand still clutching his hip like he wanted to break it, Nigel wove the other around Adam and found his throbbing cock. Adam moaned as Nigel stroked it, a slow, blissful counterpart to the painful stretch. The pleasure distracted Adam as Nigel eased his way deeper, deeper, until his hips were flush against Adam’s ass.

Nigel cursed under his breath, leaned over Adam’s back. His broad hand planted itself on the counter beside Adam. “How’s that feel?” Nigel asked him, voice tight with pleasure.

Adam’s brows drew together. “Hurts a little,” he answered honestly. Nigel filled him more than he thought should be possible, every tiny twitch of Adam’s insides magnified around his cock. “You’re so big, Nigel, I— mm…”

Nigel chuckled darkly, just barely rocking his hips. Adam bit his lip. “You ready to get fucked, dolly?”

“Yes,” Adam sighed. He twisted his head to the side, tried to look up at the man looming over him. “Fuck me, Nigel.”

The words had barely left his mouth when Nigel started moving in earnest, rolling his hips slow and deliciously deep. When Nigel fucked into him, Adam felt his cock rub at something inside that made pleasure spark in his gut. He knew about prostate stimulation, of course, but feeling it firsthand still made his hips jolt and arch, hungrily seeking an angle that would bring Nigel back to that spot again and again.

Nigel chuckled breathlessly at Adam’s squirming, and his next thrust was aimed so perfectly that it made him moan out loud.

“Quiet, babydoll, you’ll wake up the whole fucking house.” The words were scolding, but Nigel didn’t sound angry. If anything, Adam thought he sounded pleased.

Adam whined a little when Nigel let go of his cock, but he was quickly silenced when two of the older man’s thick, tattooed fingers shoved their way into his gasping mouth. Adam closed his lips around them with a hum, suckling at them eagerly while Nigel’s thrusts turned faster.

“Fuck yes, that’s it,” Nigel praised, breathless with pleasure and effort. “God, been thinking about this for fucking days.”

Adam’s eyes blinked open at that, his wanton moan muffled around Nigel’s fingers. He felt excess saliva spill out around the older man’s digits, Adam making a mess of himself as he drooled on Nigel’s hand.

Nigel didn’t seem to mind, though. He snapped his hips, fucking Adam hard into the counter. Every thrust punched a puff of air from Adam’s lungs.

“The fucking second I saw you, I knew I had to— *fuck*— knew I had to have you. So fucking pretty…”

Adam's heart was pumping so fast that he was worried it would explode. His hands flailed, fumbling for some part of Nigel to touch. He found the arm braced against the counter, wrapped a needy hand around his forearm.

Nigel groaned, pressing down against Adam's tongue. "All I've been able to think about is fucking you, doll. Been driving me fucking crazy."

The puddle of drool beneath Adam's face smeared across his cheek, his body jostled by their combined movements. Adam was fucking back onto Nigel's cock, now, as well as he knew how with his limited experience. His orgasm was rising in his stomach, coiling and insistent and searing hot. In the back of his mind, Adam was dully aware of soft sounds coming from deeper within the house. Wood creaking, hinges groaning. Nigel didn't stop. If anything, his fucking turned rougher. Adam clawed at the muscles of his arm, keening loudly.

"You like that? Gonna come for me?"

Nigel's body dropped, then. Draped over Adam's back, hips bucking into Adam like an animal. He grabbed Adam's cock, jerking it so quickly that Adam's eyes rolled. He licked the sweat from the nape of Adam's neck, ran the flat of his tongue over Adam's quivering skin. "Go on," Nigel panted. "Come on my cock."

Adam bit down on Nigel's fingers, whining like he was wounded. He scrabbled at the counter top, and when he found nothing to ground him, he reached back and grabbed a fistful of the older man's hair. Anything to steady him, anything to hold onto while Nigel made him burst apart.

He writhed in Nigel's arms, desperately riding the waves of his orgasm. Adam's cock twitched and throbbed in Nigel's hand, every strike of the older man's cock against his prostate was another jolt of overwhelming, white-hot pleasure. Spurts of his cum painted the kitchen counter, Nigel's hands, the pajama pants still pooled around Adam's ankles.

By the time the peak of it passed, Adam was dazed and utterly spent. He'd never come so hard in his life, it turned his body limp and his mind completely empty. He felt useless, just lying there and drowning in the aftershocks of his release.

Nigel fucked him through it, crushing his own body almost painfully tight to Adam's as he pounded into his used, twitching hole. He pulled his wet hand from Adam's mouth, seizing both of his hips with brutal strength. Nigel came with a grunt, muttering low curses into Adam's ear.

Adam winced. He was oversensitive inside, raw from his first time, and Nigel's cum felt strange and uncomfortable as it flooded his ass. In the wake of his euphoria, he was acutely aware of how sweaty, and sticky, and hot he was. Still, having Nigel slumped against his back was… oddly nice. And then Nigel pressed a lingering kiss to Adam's neck, and Adam couldn't help but smile.

Slowly, Nigel pulled out. Their shared, ragged breathing seemed incredibly loud in the otherwise silent kitchen. Adam swallowed and forced himself to move. He flipped over, more or less, leaning back against the counter because he didn't trust his quaking legs to support

him without help. He grimaced, Nigel's cum already leaking from his hole. Nigel stared down at him in the darkness, still just as hungry as before.

"How was that?" he asked, and Adam blushed.

He ran a hand through his mussed curls, wiped the drool from his face with the hem of his sweat-stained shirt. "Good," Adam replied shyly. "I liked it."

Nigel grinned. Adam's overworked heart still found the strength to flutter at the sight. "Well, that's a relief. I was worried I'd gotten rusty."

"I guess I wouldn't really know the difference," Adam noted. He was conflicted. He wanted to stay with Nigel, hide in the little bubble they'd made. But it was late, and Adam was filthy, and his body begged to be allowed to lie down.

"I think I'm gonna take a shower," he muttered, and Nigel nodded.

"I'll join you."

Adam laughed, a little bitterly. "I don't think you should."

Nigel lifted a brow. "Why not?"

He couldn't believe that he even needed to explain it. It seemed awfully obvious to Adam. "Because we could get caught."

Something came over Nigel's face at that. He looked off to the side, turning his face from Adam. "...Little late for that, gorgeous."

"What?"

He dragged a hand through his hair, sighed sharply. "I didn't want to interrupt things between us, alright? We were having a fucking moment, I didn't want to spoil it."

Heavy drops of dread fell to settle in the pit of Adam's stomach. "What happened, Nigel?"

Silence, for a moment. Nigel seemed to search for the words, then threw up his hands. "I guess Lizzy had to take a leak, or something."

Adam's mouth fell open, but nothing came out. He looked to the door of his and Beth's bedroom. It was closed, now, ostensibly with Beth inside.

"She saw us?" he asked. He could feel the color draining from his face. Glaring up at Nigel, Adam shoved at his chest in fury. "Why didn't you say anything?!"

Nigel didn't shove him back. Just shrugged. "The damage had already been done. What difference did it make?"

He wanted, badly, to argue against that. No response came to mind. "I have to talk to her," Adam said, but before he could so much as move, Nigel laid a hand on his shoulder.

“Hold on, angel. Are you sure that’s a good idea?” He made a point out of looking Adam up and down.

Adam huffed, crossing his arms defensively. Nigel was right, though, and he knew it. What good would it do, walking in there like this? Disheveled and reeking of sex, with her stepfather’s cum drying on his skin? He rubbed at his arms, gnawing on his abused lower lip. “So what do I do?”

Nigel took a step closer to him, removing what little space had formed between them. He reached out, brushed Adam’s damp curls from his face.

“Leave with me.”

Adam rolled his eyes. “I can’t just leave, Nigel.”

“Why not?” Nigel cupped Adam’s jaw with his other hand, drew nearer still. “Let me buy us a hotel room. Give Lizzy and her mother some space for a couple days. Give you and me a chance to get to know each other a little better…”

He kissed Adam near his hairline, then again on his cheek. Adam shook him off.

“This is serious!” he insisted. The reality of what they’d done was crashing all around him, now. Panic was starting to set in. “Beth is going to tell her mother about this, Nigel, she’s going to divorce you.”

Nigel just smiled. “You weren’t listening before, were you?” he asked, and darted in to kiss the corner of Adam’s mouth. “I don’t want her, baby, I want you.”

And Adam was quickly becoming addicted to how those words felt coming from Nigel’s mouth. He let Nigel kiss him again, again, his arms winding around the older man’s neck. That voice in his head was back, screaming that Adam should be ashamed of himself. *‘How could you?’* it asked him. *‘How could you throw away a relationship for someone you barely know? Are you really this stupid?’*

“Okay,” Adam whispered, and moved to kiss the side of Nigel’s neck. “That sounds… nice.”

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